

THE Mournful Lady's Garland.

IN THREE PARTS.



TRUE lovers all, both far and near,
Behold the lines that I have penn'd,
I'd have you take a special care
To swear no more than you intend.
Be rul'd by them that wish you well,
Honour your parents both day and night,
And pray often when ye have time,
And place this pattern in your sight.
A noble knight near London liv'd,
Who had a daughter very fair,
A rich young squire courted her,
She loved him exceeding dear.
By his false deluding tongue
He stole her yielding heart away.
Let every youth that hears this
Observe these words that I shall say.
But sixteen years of age was she,
Poor soul! when she began to love.
Let every one her woes condole,
For it did soon her ruin prove.
He did to far her favour win,
That she did yield with him to lie.
But now, good people, pray do mind,
You shall hear her destiny.

At last, poor heart! she prov'd with child,
But when, alas! she found it so,
He came to her upon a night,
Saying, I must to London go.
Next morning he his journey took,
With protestations o'er and o'er;
That in a week he would return,
But oh! he ne'er came near her more.
No letters she from him receiv'd,
Which made her oft in tears complain,
And oft times to herself would cry,
Where shall I go to hide my shame.
At last, poor soul! her time grew nigh,
Therefore upon a certain night,
Her cloaths and linen she took up,
And from her father took her flight.
Long time she wander'd up-and-down,
And could not find a resting-place.
From country to city, and town to town,
Until her money it grew scarce.
At last upon a lonesome heath,
She being by herself alone,
Was there deliv'd of a son,
Two miles from either house or home.

Being so weakened with pains,
Poor soul! she could not stand upright,
But with her infant in her arms,
Upon the ground she lay all the night.
A shepherd having lost a lamb,
That from him by chance did stray,
Seeking about to find it out,
By providence did come that way.
Finding the lady on the ground,
He came to her without delay,
Poor soul! she fell into a swoon,
As soon as she the shepherd saw.
But coming to herself again,
To him she made her sorrow known:
He being of a tender heart,
Did then conduct her to his home.

PART II.

Here she much kindness did receive,
And a month did there remain,
Then with her child ty'd on her back,
Poor soul! she wander'd forth again.
Two years she wander'd up-and-down,
At last by chance, as you shall hear,
She came to famous Dartmouth-town,
Where the squire liv'd, we hear.
And wandering the streets all o'er,
At last, poor soul! she did espy,
The squire standing at the door,
And by his side his lady gay.
Wiping the tears from her eyes,
Up to the door she strait did hie,
And on her bended trembling knees,
She begg'd of him his charity.
Said he, There's such a dirty crew,
That's daily begging in the street,
To such-like lusty fluts as you,
I will give neither bread nor meat.
For that's some bastard on your back.
And you I warrant some common whore.
With that he call'd the coachman strait,
To whip this creature from the door.
With hungry soul and feeble limb,
In the street she wandered up-and-down,
At last kind fortune did to hit,
She got a lodging in the town.
A letter she presently writ,
And seal'd it with her own hand,
These were the words enclos'd in it,
Which to the squire she did send.
O cursed wretch! thy wicked tongue,
That was the ruin first of me,
You was the first that betray'd me,
When I was in my innocence.
I slighted all my friends for thee,
Curst be the hour I saw thy face.
It was you, and only you,
That brought my body to disgrace.

When he had read the letter thro'
And ponder'd well within his mind,
He straitway made no more ado,
But to the lady came, we find.
Pretending for to pity her,
Forcing a smile to hide a frown,
Ha said, I'll meet you to-morrow-night,
In such a grove hard by the town.

Next morning to the grove she hy'd,
With her sweet little infant dear,
There all the day it seems she stay'd
But yet no squire did appear.
All night upon the bare cold ground,
This creature and the infant lay,
But no comfort could be found,
So in the morn before 'twas day.

She having never a farthing left,
To buy her hungry baby food,
She could no longer then make shift,
She smote her breast, and thus she said,
My tender babe, alas! said she,
I nothing have to succour thee,
Kissing the child, My dear, she said,
For want of bread [we starv'd shall be.

Five days within that lonesome wood,
She and her baby there did lie,
Expecting from his dad some food,
To help them in extremity.
At last pale death approaching nigh,
As at her breast the poor child lay,
Her life being spent just to a hair,
She to her pretty infant thus did say.

My pretty prattling soul,
I cannot bear to hear thee cry,
Let tender folks my woes condole,
See, see, thy mother's death is nigh.
Stroaking the infant o'er the face,
Which was besmear'd with briny tears,
She said, O Lord! what would I give
That thy cruel father was but here.

The pretty prattling innocent,
Hearing his mother for to cry,
With his little hand did stroack her face,
Crying, Mamma, mamma, do not cry.
With his little hand about her neck,
It raised up, and kiss'd her lips,
That very moment her heart did break,
She turn'd, and to her baby spake.

Lord! if it be thy blessed will,
That my baby should alive remain,
Send it some help when I am gone,
To ease his hungry piercing pain.
But if it be thy blessed will, said she,
That we should die for want of bread.
Then welcome death, replied she,
And strait she dy'd immediately.

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The child being clasped in her arms,
By no means from her could get free,
Two nights and days it pining lay,
And ended then its misery.
Two months within this lonesome wood,
Unbury'd these two bodies lay,
But now, good people, pray do mind
A word or two I have to say.

PART III.

THE squire on a certain day,
With men and dogs a-hunting went,
And having been long time at play,
The dogs by fortune lost their scent.
Then runing thro' this lonesome wood,
These howling hungry dogs of prey,
Came to the place, and there they stood,
Just where the breathless bodies lay.

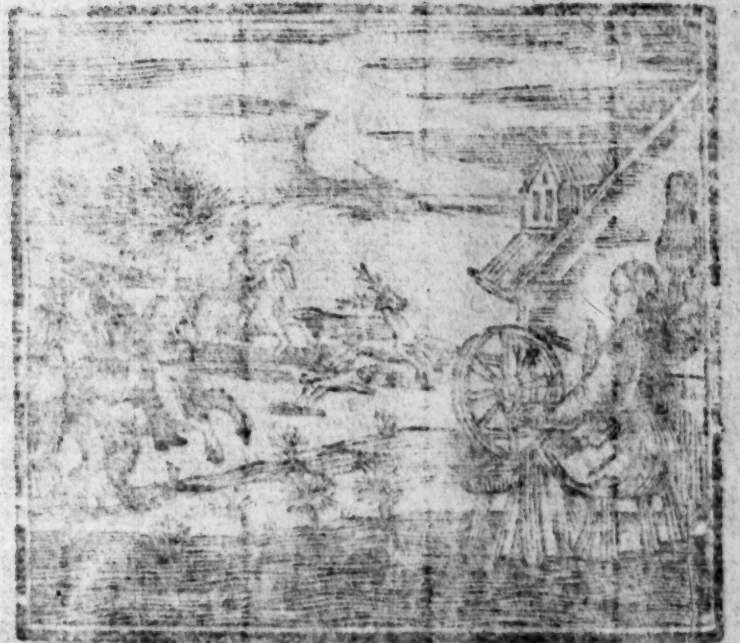
Being mounted on a stately steed,
As thro' the wood they galloped
The horse the bodies first espy'd,
And very much was frightened.
At which he gave a sudden stride,
And threw the squire on the ground.
A stump of bush stuck in his side,
Whereby he got a fatal wound.

His man he strove to help him up,
But turning to him, he reply'd,
Lend me you hand, I cannot stand,
Then lay me by that woman's side.
She was my wife before the Lord,
And that's my baby that lies dead,
God's vengeance now hath follow'd me,
And now hath fallen on my head.

He kiss'd her lips as cold as clay,
Likewise to the child he as many gave,
And to his man he thus did say,
Let us be buried in one grave:
For here I cannot long remain,
My cruel heart is split in twain.
Dear Christ, forgive my soul, he said,
So with a groan or two he dy'd.
Lord! when this news was brought to town,
Of this unhappy accident,
His lady she distracted run,
But first, poor soul! she gave consent.
A coffin was made large and wide,
One grave was dug to hold all three,
The lady she lies by his side,
And thus I end my tragedy.

You tender souls of Christian hearts,
Who hear these verses which I sing,
Remember that which I impart,
To love in vain is a cruel thing.
Oh! be dutiful unto your friends,
And never do as I have done;
Let them that read the same,
Think on us that are dead and gone.

Mountford Lady's Garland



THE
MOUNTFORD LADY'S GARLAND
IN THREE PARTS.

At this point I have to beg pardon for the delay which I have been obliged to make in publishing this Garland. I have been so much engaged in other business, that I have not had time to do so much as I wished. I have, however, at last had leisure to finish it, and I now present it to the public. I hope it will be received with the same favour as the first two parts. I have added some new songs, and have altered some of the old ones. I have also added some new illustrations, and have altered some of the old ones. I have also added some new illustrations, and have altered some of the old ones.

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